



MORE THAN ONE WAY

A gentleman with a sensitive and cultivated ear was annoyed by the persistent and wretched piano playing of a woman who occupied the adjoining flat. One day he met her in the hall with her four-year-old daughter.

"Your little girl plays quite well for a child of her age," he remarked in his most friendly manner. "I hear her practicing every day."

The offender made sure he was out when she opened the piano again.

Deserved Reward.

"What's going on here?"

"A column conductor is being presented with a loving cup by his admiring constituents."

"What inspired such an unusual demonstration?"

"He has never imitated Pepy's diary or written a parody on 'Mary's Little Lamb.'"

Hard to Discourage.

"Senator, there is a man outside who looks like a job hunter."

"Tell him to come back tomorrow."

"He says he hasn't eaten in two days."

"That won't keep him from coming back. He'll show up here if he has to be brought in on a stretcher."

Accommodating.

Lady—Before I take you I must know if you're engaged.

Lena—Ma'am, do you mean if I have a feller.

Lady—Yes.

Lena—No, ma'am. I haven't, but I can soon get one, if you like it.

Unfortunate!

"After he fell off the car and was found to be badly injured, what did the plaintiff say?" a witness was asked.

Witness—He said: "Confound it, and I've paid my fare right on to Ilford!"—London Tit-Bits.

Soft Soap Still Effective.

"Bubby, a writer in Blank's Magazine says that wives should get wages. Don't you think they should?" "Of course, my dear, but there isn't money enough in the whole world to pay you." Then she smiled and went on washing the dishes.



PERISH THE THOUGHT

The Dog Fancier: Yes'm, that's a blue ribbon Pekingese. Pedigree goes back to the time of the Ming dynasty. I tell you, ma'am, a dog like that's not to be sneezed at."

The Dog Lover: I should say not. He might catch something dreadful from a sneeze.

Normal.

A normal boy is Willie Spratt. He's always asking: "Where's my hat?"

There's a Big Difference.

"Look in the Congressional Record if you want to see what Representative Twobible is doing."

"That wouldn't help me any."

"No?"

"That only tells what he's saying."

Anything Goes.

"You'll have to entertain the guests. Exert yourself."

"I know an Irish joke."

"Is it fit for mixed company?"

"It's fit for mixed company nowadays."

Both Out—Calling.

He—Where were you last night?

She—Out. I called on a newly married pair. Where were you?

He—I was out, too. I called on a pair of nines.

Beat Him a Mile.

"That tenor of ours can hold one of his notes for nearly two minutes."

"That's nothing. I've held a note for nearly two years, that one of yours."

Movie Standby.

"What is this drama about?"

"The great Northwest. Shall we go in?"

"No. I know that plot thoroughly now."

Add to His Revenge.

She—Father's remarks about you were very bitter.

He—I'm glad they were, because I'm going to make him eat his words.

One on Uncle Sam.

Ella—Who is this E. Pluribus Unum? Father—I don't know, but I don't like these men who part their names in the middle.



UNNECESSARY ALARM

They were sitting alone in the moonlight. "Maud," whispered Ernest, "you know I love you. Will you be mine?" "Alas, Ernest, I fear it cannot be." "Ah," gasped Ernest, placing his hand on his breast, "broken at last!" "What?" screamed the girl, throwing her arms about his neck, and her breath coming in great panting sobs. "I did not mean it, Ernest. Oh, speak; tell me what is broken. It is your heart?" No, my darling, only my collar stud, I felt it slip."

A Painful Contrast.

"I got even with an old school teacher who used to thrash me when I was a boy," remarked Mr. Wadleigh.

"How did you do it?"

"I gave him a lift in my limousine. The opportunity to calculate my income and contrast it with his salary probably spoiled his day."

Highly Educational.

"Do you believe the movies are instructive?"

"Certainly. Elderly ladies in little country towns who have never been out of the counties where they were born can tell you all about the underworld of Paris."

Worse Than "Dry."

Meenister—I hear they've gone dry in the village where your brother lives.

Sandy—Dry? Man, they've gone parched. I've just had a letter frae Tam, an' would you believe it, the postage stamp was stuck wi' a pin!"—London Tit-Bits.

Too Literal.

"Well, did you hire a flat from that agent?"

"I did not. I remarked that I wanted one big enough to turn around in, and hanged if he didn't ask me to stand up while he took my exact measurements."

Color Needful.

"Why do they use such bright colors in bathing suits?"

"Sometimes a bathing suit fits so very close," replied Miss Cayenne, "that colors are necessary to call attention to the fact that it is being worn."



STYLES FOR CAVE GENTLEMEN

Stoneclub: I see you're wearing your pants skinside inside. Don't you find the raw hide a little rough?"

Skinpantz—Somewhat but it's better so. My wife patched the seat with a porcupine pelt.

Educators.

Our childhood fancies often rule. The games as days mature draw near; When we decide on "playing school," Each wants to be the teacher dear.

A Privilege of Citizenship.

"Mr. Grumpson is a typical American."

"In what respect?"

"If he were to hear a foreigner abusing our government the way he does hostilities would begin forthwith."

He Had Him Right.

Young Swain—Mr. Rockmorton, give me your daughter. I shall carry her on my hands all ways.

Mr. Rockmorton (bank president)—Yes, but first I shall have to put you on your feet.

In New York.

"Who are all the people on this car?"

"Oh, the beauty and chivalry of New York."

"I see the chivalry is letting the beauty stand."

Couldn't Find It.

"Where have you been?"

"Over Europe; and say."

"Well?"

"This realignment of nations has wiped out Graustark."

Playing Safe.

Apprentice—What is in this bottle with no label?

Chemist—That's what you use when you can't read the prescription.—Stockholm Kasper.

No Cause for Alarm.

The Mistress—Really, Justine, you are wearing very pretty silk stockings.

The Maid—Don't be uneasy, madame; I got these at my last situation.—London Opinion.

The Value of Exercise.

"A big, strong man like you ought to be ashamed to go around begging."

"When I started out I was a physical wreck. Walkin' done it, mum."

THE THREE SAILORS

A couple of sailors got into a discussion over the kind of animal a heifer was. One sailor claimed that the heifer belonged to the hog family, the other that it was a variety of sheep.

Finally they called in Boatwain Bill.

"Bill, wot's a heifer—is it a hog or is it a sheep?" they said.

Boatwain Bill bit off a large chew reflectively. Then he said:

"To tell you the truth, mates, I dunno much about poultry."

The Cashier.

A young woman went to call on a lady who had entertained her. The latter's five-year-old daughter, who was playing on the lawn, said: "Mama isn't at home."

"I am very sorry," replied the young woman, "for I have come to pay my party call."

"Oh, I'll take the money," said the child promptly.

Not She.

"The prima donna says she will climb to the top of your snowy peak and sit there while the world rolls by."

"Believe me," replied the sardonic guest at a fashionable summer resort, "she won't if the photographers refuse to follow her."



WHAT THEY REALLY MEAN

Patient: Wow! I thought you said you extracted without pain.

Dentist: Well, it don't hurt me a bit.

Passing the Responsibility.

The cost of living must improve. Yet with determined frown Each waits for some one else to move To put the prices down.

A Mulish Habit.

It was Betty's first visit to the country and when she saw the chickens scratching vigorously on the walk she ran to her mother in alarm.

"Why, Betty," said her mother, "are you afraid of chickens?"

"Yes," said the child, "they kicked at me."

Rural Roles.

"Are you serving your country or working for re-election?" asked the meddlesome person.

"Both," said the statesman. "As regards the first, I court the fullest publicity. As for the other, the less said about it the better."

Repartee.

The lady remarketh: "Hobo, did you notice that pile of wood in the yard?"

"Yes'm, I seen it."

"You should mind your grammar. You mean you saw it."

"No'm. You saw me see it, but you ain't see me saw it."

A Fireproof Building.

"Suddenly a woman appeared on the tenth floor with a poodle in her arms, crying: 'Save me! Save my Fifi!'"

"What did the heroic firemen do?"

"One brute yelled: 'Throw the pup out a window and come down yourself on an elevator!'"

Strike One.

Young Lady (to old actor)—I suppose you were very much stage-struck the first time you appeared before the public?

Old Actor—Yes, that's quite right, but an old tomato struck me first.

Anticipatory People.

"I really dislike to talk to her; she has such a habit of finishing one's sentences for one. You know the kind?"

"Yes, they listen faster than you can talk to them."



APPLY TERMED

The Salesman: Something new in shirts? This pattern is the last cry in gentlemen's wear.

The Customer: Last cry, is it? I thought so. It reminded me of a death wail.

True.

I'll tell you this: That a slight worth while, Is a traffic cop With a genial smile.

In Fixing Her Face.

"Today my wife told me a secret about women."

"Huh?"

"Says a neat woman will not wipe off cold cream on a guest towel."

Ambition.

"Is he ambitious?"

"Very. He wants to shoot every golf course he sees in par."—Detroit Free Press.

HIS STOPPING POINT

"Paid your tailor's bill yet?" asked a friend.

"Can't," replied the young man.

"Paid the florist?"

"Quite impos."

"What about your motoring bill?"

"They're still sending it in."

"If you can't pay for your own living," exclaimed his friend, in disgust, "why don't you be decent enough to die?"

"And then run up an undertaker's bill?" retorted the young man. "My dear chap, there's a limit!"

He Was, Though.

"Norah," said Mrs. Deadbeat, from the top of the stairs, "tell the man who is ringing the bell that I am not receiving today!"

The servant girl went to the door and said something to the man; then she stepped into the hall and called upstairs:

"I told him you were not receiving today, ma'am, but he says he ain't deliverin', he's collectin'!"

The Best to Be Hoped For.

"You appear to be universally popular in your district."

"There's no such thing as universal popularity," answered Senator Sorchum. "But I do pride myself on the fact that I have been able to limit my unpopularity to an unimportant minority."—Washington Star.



A WISE LOCATION

Customer: I don't want this fish, it don't smell good.

C. Food: Pardon me lady! It's the cheese on the next counter, isn't it terrible?

At Last.

Perpetual motion's here—Yes, it's come. Just watch your own stenog. Chewing gum.

"The White Man's Burden."

The Man Friday—I don't like this goatskin Prince Albert, master. It's too hot. Why do we have to wear clothes on this island?

Robinson Crusoe—These garments are unhandsome and uncomfortable, but we must endure them. They are our badge of civilization.

It Usually Pleases Us.

"It is easy enough for an orator to get thunderous applause at the very beginning of his address."

"How?"

"All he has to do is to say, 'My friends, we are a great people,' and then pause dramatically for the cheers."

Showing Claws.

"It seems that there has been little snubbing among the students at the Naval academy."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "I am afraid a few of the boys are training themselves to become not sea dogs but sea cuts."

Tact.

"A woman has to use tact with her husband."

"Yes. For instance, I never ask Bob what luck he had at golf. If it was poor that question angers him; if it was good he'll tell me without asking."

Forbidden Fruit.

Mrs. Gramercy—It seems to me your husband gives you everything he can afford.

Mrs. Spendall—That's why I feel so wretched, dear. My heart is just set on the things he can't afford.

A Bad Sign.

She—I think we might as well break off the engagement.

He—Why?

She—Because you say "Why?" in such a cold-blooded way.



GOOD COMPANY

"George says if I refuse him, he'll go to the dogs."

"That's the place for a puppy like him."

They're All Right.

Oh, let the flappers flap. We know they can't cook; But we don't care a rap, We like the way they look.

Fair Enough.

"That fellow quotes Shakespeare ceaselessly."

"Well, if he knows his own line of talk is trivial it isn't a bad idea to use the stuff of a better man."

"Accounted For."

First Tramp—I haven't seen you, Slim, for a month. What have you been doing?

Second Tramp—Thirty days.

COULDN'T MILK BICYCLE

"Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm on?" asked the hardware clerk, as he wrapped up the balls. "They're cheap now. I can let you have a first-class one for \$35."

"I'd rather put \$35 in a cow," replied the farmer.

"But think," persisted the clerk, "how foolish you'd look riding around on a cow."

"Oh, I don't know," said the farmer, stroking his chin; "no more foolish, I guess, than I would milkin' a bicycle."

—Fruit Dispatch.

A Martyr.

"What's become of Rantington Roarer, the eminent tragedian?"

"He's playing small parts in the movies."

"He used to say he'd starve before he'd prostitute his talents on the screen."

"Maybe he did. He was considerably underweight when he signed up."

Improving.

"You had a narrow escape from that motorcar, my friend."

"I did, indeed," replied the pedestrian as he took a tape measure out of his pocket.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to measure the distance I jumped. I believe I exceeded my previous record fully two feet."



A GOOD AUTHORITY

"Jack may escape after all. The young widow says he is clever but impossible."

"If the young widow has found him impossible he must be clever."

A Modern Romance.

They went to school together. They grew up side by side. But he never knew he loved her Till her rich uncle died.

Time to Economize.

"A thousand dollar loan will put me on my feet," said the citizen in distress.

"Get on your feet first and I'll talk to you," replied the banker.

Wow!

Borleigh (at 11:40 p. m.)—I love that dreamy look in your eyes. I have never seen it in any other girl's.

Miss Bright (stifling a yawn)—Perhaps you don't stay as late with them as you do here.—Irish Independent.

Profits Commensurate.

Lady—I should, think you'd be ashamed to lead such an idle and unprofitable life.

Frayed Phil (as he tackled a good handout)—Idle it may be, mum, but considerin' de capital invested, de profits is purty good.

Horsemanship.

Miss Daisy—I've been told that you mount Pegasus once in a while, Lieutenant Lambert.

Lieutenant Lambert—Nothing is easier, I assure you, Miss Daisy. A good trooper should be able to manage any kind of a horse.

Waiting.